

CHRISTIANITY,

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Printed for JAMES RIDGWAY, 15, Pall Mall, London.

CHRISTIANITY, &c.

O VAIN! O foolish state of lost mankind,
When all their hopes are to the earth confin'd!
Thro' each intricate maze they wildly stray,
In search of joys to smoothe the rugged way.
Wealth, Honors, Beauty, when they find bestow'd,
Then as immortal hold the sweet abode ;
In blissful dream the golden moments fly,
And the lull'd mortal thinks not he's to die ;
His threescore years with rapid wheels run on,
So rich in pleasures that they seem but one ;

But

But now, how feels the bragging *Atbeist's* heart?

The scene is finish'd, and he must depart;

Cold ann'hilation will o'erpow'r the whole,

And no hereafter warm the freezing foul.

Or, yet if reason makes a doubt arise,

Of somewhat better o'er the starry skies,

The flutt'ring spirit dreads the chance to live,

And the first tenets greater comfort give.

Yet, say, *Believer*, who run out your span,

Wrapt in the sensual down of heedless man;

A thoughtless youth fallacious customs gave,

And vice still chain'd you an unwilling slave;

Delight in smiles with it's delusive pow'r,

Gloss'd o'er the crime—deferr'd th' repenting hour;

Beheld your sins as human nature's due,

And laugh'd at those who cry'd them down to you;

Ah!

Ah! What reflections now possess the mind,
 When *Death* approaching snatches off the blind
 Your long bound eyes survey the dreary plain,
 From whence you never can return again!
 The sick'ning soul petitions still to stay;
 But *JUSTICE* points th' inevitable way,
 And cries, "Fond wretch examples oft before,
 "Shew'd the uncertain chance of your last hour."
 Then say, can vows relieve this dreadful state?
 You'll now grow good.—Beware, tis' not too late.
 You'll turn to *VIRTUE* now that life must end;
 As Sin must leave you now, you will amend;
 Grant, Heav'n! that true contrition may attend.
 Oh! How precarious is the doubtful lot!
 Pray daily that your end be not forgot:
 Then may a *Christian retrospect* appear,

In those sad moments for to banish fear;
 And to the view a well spent life be brought,
 Rich in such rules as Grecian Sages taught:
 For *here* their noblest precepts you will find,
 Sublim'd from dross t'illuminate the mind:
 Such gentle lessons the fair truth supply,
 As steel the soul with true PHILOSOPHY.
 In rural quiet let my life glide on,
 Remote from pageants and the noisy town.
 And if parental crosses come from God,
 Make me obedient to the healing rod;
 Thus wean'd from all the empty scenes below,
 Let me not add one wrinkle to my brow;
 But if serene my fleeting days are giv'n,
 May I be thankful to the King of Heav'n;
 Show my superior love by conqu'ring sin,

And wait prepar'd to journey from my inn.
 Near chearful landscapes let my home be plac'd,
 Where the blue rivers by tall groves are grac'd,
 While grassy hills the woodland scene divides,
 With snowey flocks and shepherds on their sides,
 Who pipe and cull wild flow'rs to deck their brides.
 My dwelling neat with peace and plenty blest'd;
 By my own hands a little garden dress'd;
 Fair crops reward my healthful, pleasing toil,
 And the gay flow'ry tribe to paint the soil;
 A useful lawn graz'd by the milky race,
 And lab'ring steeds to shave the herby place.
 Let tuneful birds rejoice as I walk on,
 And all be lively as the noontide sun,
 Now fragrant breezes the green shades have cool'd,
 And gliding waters seem to curl in gold;

I'll rest beneath this beech, whose branches spread
 A friendly foliage o'er my thoughtful head.
 Fair MEDITATION! Still awake my sense,
 And point the moral at what's view'd from hence:
 These swains, and maids thus warm'd by virtuous love,
 Unite in wedlock as design'd above;
 An equal flame each youthful soul invades,
 One joy, one sorrow, and one int'rest leads;
 Their health and innocence the face displays;
 And rosy children crown their harmless days.
 Far diff'rent those the treach'rous city bred,
 They're brib'd by riches, or for honors wed;
 In dissipation waste the nuptial state,
 With equal lewdness and with equal hate;
 The toilets arts in vain the dame would show,
 No paint can hide the desp'rate looks of woe!

We find the husband spread his artful toil,
 Who holds it noble, innocence to spoil ;
 Pray'rs, oaths, and force, the ruffian wretch employs,
 To rob the female of her virgin joys ;
 And then with joke obscene denies it all,
 Exulting loudly at her dismal fall.
 Remorse and shame her fadden'd hours divide ;
 And show'rs of tears condemn her flatter'd pride :
 Or yet, perhaps, when kindred all disown,
 She lives by *lust*, and *rots* upon the town.
 Ye perjur'd villains, who by false device
 Did first the hapless yielding girls intice,
 In that deep glin where lonely horror spreads,
 As conscience knows, ye hide your miscreant heads ;
 The stagnant pool reflects a dusky view
 Of blasted oaks, steep rocks, and baneful yew.

Ye ruined fair, to that calm grot repair,
 Where twining woodbine scents the ev'ning air ;
 On mossy bank kind penitence revere,
 And crop the violets of the rising year :
 Think like the flow'rs your perish'd hopes remain,
 For never ! never can ye bloom again !
 'Tis true, that fortune tries to veil the flaw,
 And o'er lost honor useless gauge to draw ;
 But awful VIRTUE trembles at the name !
 And her *stern daughters* bare again your fame.
 In peace then shelter, in the humble shade,
 And for *hereafter* let your vows be made.
 But see the sun beam on yond palace falls,
 Flames on the spires, and sparkles o'er the walls ;
 The sportsman's horn calls out the loud-tongu'd hounds ;
 See each attendant on his courser bounds :

The scarlet trappings, rich with silver spread,
 Dart gleams of light'ning as they scour the mead ;
 Their pamper'd LORD cloy'd by his costly fare,
 Grieves he can't eat, and courts the buxom air :
 What dear-bought dainties by his wealth are stor'd,
 AMERICA's large turtles grace his board ;
 Fat *ortolans* by Gallic *cooks* are dress'd,
 And ASIAN spices fire the hungry guest.
 Ev'n frozen RUSSIA sends her fishes spawn,
 And stomach wines from AFRIC's islands drawn :
 But still too common for a feast so vain,
 Till sent to INDIA, and return'd again.
 A hundred covers, serv'd in massive plate,
 Are thought too little for his pompous state :
 Such daily riot fills the marble hall,
 With a profusion of expence in all.

But

But view that hut rais'd up of simple stones,
 Hid in a nook, left the grand building frowns :
 And see the workman with his spade has past,
 He wipes the sweat and seeks his noon repast :
 Alas ! his wife in tatter'd garb appears,
 And children's cries for food molest his ears !
 Distress'd and weak, speech falters on his tongue,
 And sighs are all he gives his famish'd young !
 Then say, rich glutton, will you not divide ?
 Let half the banquet gratify your pride,
 That sounds too much ? you'd sooner let them die—
 Oh ! give one dish, 'twill feed a family !
 You'll not consent, for oft times you've been told,
 Their vulgar clay is cast in diff'rent mould—
 No hunger racks them—nor no anger fires—
 They're lost to pain—they're strangers to desires—

Form'd for a drudge the sons of wealth to please,
 'Tis fit they toil to let them live at ease:
 Thou cruel DEIST, foe to charity!
 The ragged beggar will not change with thee:
 When dire repletion shall in torrents drown,
 And fatal apoplexy knock you down:
 Or, ling'ring torture your rackt joints defile,
 While your foul liver stinks with putrid bile:
 Know such disorders quit the rustic clown,
 For the proud coronet, and ermin'd gown;
 Nor can the bed of gold and Tyrian dye
 Give you a respite from your agony!
 Comfort will fly the sensual tyrant's cries!
 And in despair the UNBELIEVER dies.
 But diff'rent far the CHRISTIAN's part we find,
 He calls his *Lord* and to his pain's resign'd:

Thus the sad trav'ler o'er ARABIA'S sand,
 The last survivor of a numerous band,
 Burnt up by thirst, the horrid desert treads,
 And only wets his tongue with tears he sheds!
 Merchants and camels lie promiscuous round,
 And useless gems, and balsams strew the ground;
 Propt by a rock from the loath'd sight he'd hide,
 And feebly crawls to die at t'other side;
 He looks to Heav'n, and turns——when from the stone
 A rill of purest water trickles down:
 Thankful! the lucid element he drains,
 And with the cooling draught allays his pains.
 Yet, more the true and faithful servant bears,
 While pitying JESUS wipes away his tears;
 Coelestial grace the suffering saint inspires,
 And the soul's calm amidst consuming fires!

His scriptures teach him that his worldly store,
 Is only lent him to relieve the poor ;
 With ready hand the bounty he bestows,
 And thro' his soul a gen'rous pleasure glows !
 On all his kind benevolence attends,
 Ev'n to his foes as well as to his friends :
 When curst, he gives a blessing in its place,
 And by example wins a wretch to grace.
 Such scenes of pain as mortals must endure,
 He tries to soften, if he cannot cure ;
 Oft to the human frame no drug avails :
 But the sick mind the GOSPEL always heals !
 When all things hasten to the final end,
 Thus shall corruption on mankind attend :
 RELIGIOUS trammels are no longer borne,
 And ev'n the females all her precepts scorn.

LUST, RAPINE, MURDER, revel thro' the land,
 And brother against brother lifts his hand.
 The hoary father must resign his wealth,
 Daggers, or poison gain his gold by stealth.
 The sons of vice their witness's suborn,
 And plan by night the rogu'ry of the morn;
 Upon the morrow they'll to court away,
 (And have both judge and jury in their pay)
 Impatient watching for returning light,
 They all exclaim, "Sure 'tis the longest night;
 "The lamp of day shou'd now begin to burn,
 "We know our globe has tak'n its usual turn;
 "For 'tis by CHANCE that *never errs* we move,
 "Tho' priests *once taught* 'twas by a *pow'r above*."
 Still, still, 'tis dark, the damp unwholesome air
 Chills wond'ring crowds that sickly torches bear;

Hah!

Hah! the sun rising all in black appears!

A moon like blood too! NATURE shrinks with fears!

The guilty gazers mark the signals sent:

And in deep silence bode some dire event.

Hark!——Angels sound shrill trumpets thro' the skies;

See! from their graves the long lost dead arise!

On the pale crowd the trembling tapers glare;

As conscious ghosts stand with a sullen stare,

Nor speak to hateful friends whose crimes they once did

share.

“ Ah! then 'twas true that this sad day wou'd come,

“ We'll fly for shelter to the yawning tomb!

“ Fall! fall, ye mountains, on the sceptic crew,

“ Alas! our *Jest*, the *Bible* told us true!”

From bursting clouds the Angelic troop appear,

And dart like meteors thro' the foggy air.

These messengers of veng'ance blow again—

Yet sinful men impenitent remain.

While pois'nous brimstone rains with blueish light;

Fierce hailstones, flakes of fire, and bloody show'rs unite.

From the *curst Lake* strange *Monsters* rise to wound,

Who sting like *Scorpions* where the *Seal's* not found:

By this baptismal *mark* the good repel,

And send the devils screaming back to hell.

An Angel swears, that time shall be no more—

That the last trump blasts louder than before:

Now the dread wrath of *Great* *JEHOVAH's* hurl'd,

His angry light'nings blaze around the world!

The burning *STARS* and *PLANETS*, fall from high,

And boundless *Oceans* hiss with fire and dry!

Loud thunders roar! while storms and earthquakes tear!

And one huge flame appears the melting sphere!

To its primæval nothing it returns,
 And the *False* WORLD into a cinder burns.
 Darknefs and chaos once again get fway,
 As 'twas ere the CREATOR gave the day.
 Then from the East comes forth the SON DIVINE,
 Millions of glorious rays around him shine !
 In fight of all h' ascends his HEAV'NLY THRONE,
 And CHRIST's at last magnificently known !
 On the *vast wreck* beam HIS ALMIGHTY EYES,
 And to the *Just Tribunal* each must rise.

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To its primæval nothing it returns,
 And the Fælf World into a cinder burns.
 Darkness and chaos once again get sway,
 As 'twas ere the Creator gave the day.
 Then from the East comes forth the Son Divine,
 Millions of glorious rays around him shine!
 In sight of all h' ascends his HEAV'NLY THRONE,
 And Christ's at last magnificently known!
 On the vast wreck beam His ALMIGHTY EYES,
 And to the Just Tribunal each must rise.

